

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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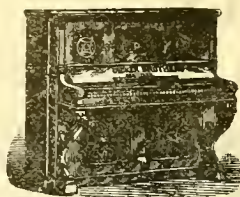
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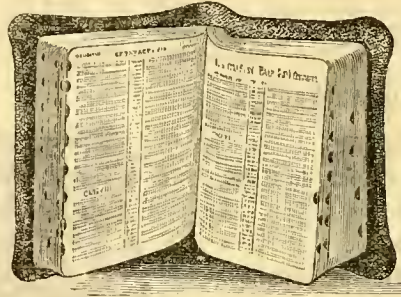
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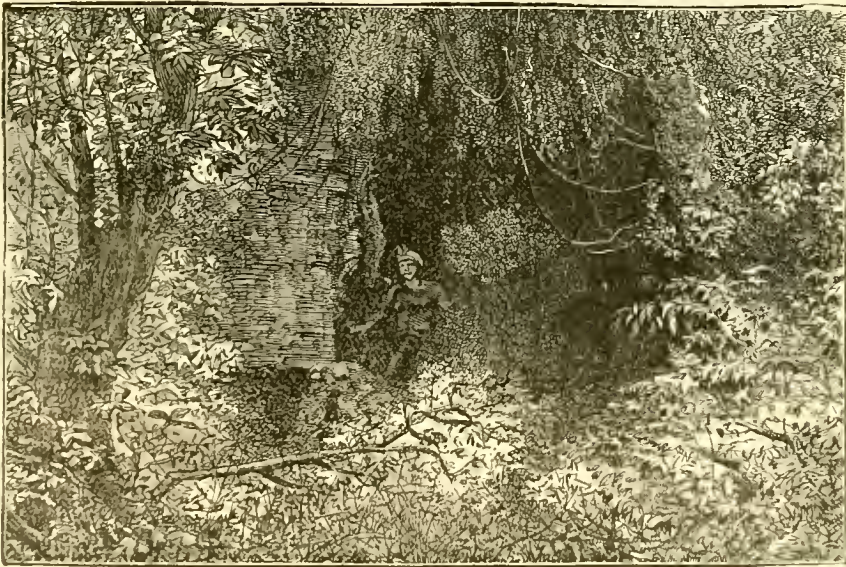
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EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS.

TRAVELERS going from Hong Kong to Bangkok or Singapore by steamer, pass along the shores of Annam and near a group of islands that are at once picturesque and curious. Behind them is Tourane, an ancient

among scientists. They are as dear to the Chinese palate as to the Chinese purse. It is a singular fact that Annam is the only country that produces them. Why the swallows select this locality as a habitation, and no other, when there are islands apparently as eligible scattered all along the Asiatic coast from



EXTERIOR OF EDIBLE BIRD'S NEST CAVE.

French settlement, the stopping place of steamers bound for Hue and Haiphong, and destined to be an important commercial port in a not very distant future. Several of these islands produce an important article of commerce—that is, the edible birds' nests, which have caused considerable learned discussion

Sumarta to Korea, is a mystery.

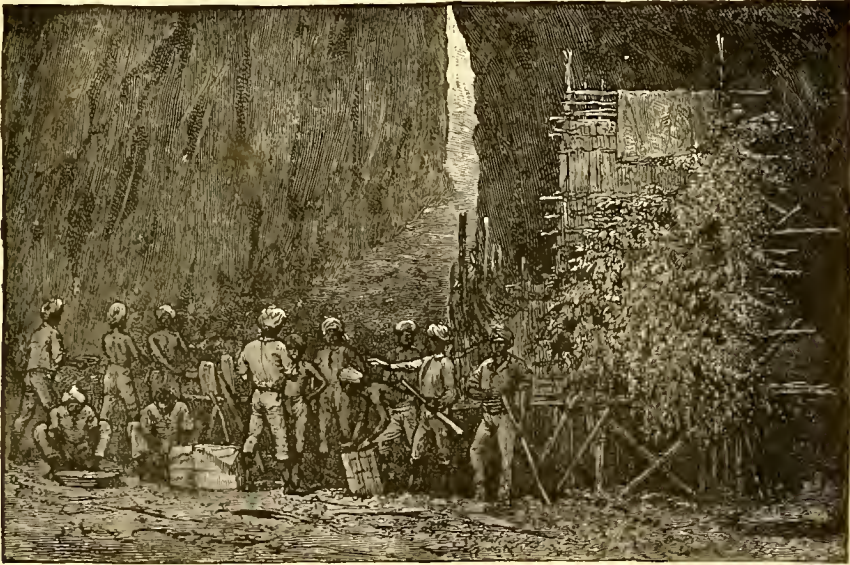
The swallows' nests are a source of riches to the region. Their value is said to have been discovered some hundreds of years ago, during the reign of Gai Long, who promised a liberal reward to any one who would discover a new and profitable article of export

within his realm. The nests discovered on the island of Nam Ngai, were presented to the sovereign, who, faithful to his promise, offered a patent of nobility to the finder. This was respectfully declined, and, instead, a monopoly of harvest was accepted by the discoverer, for himself and his descendants.

This privileged family was to pay yearly, eighty pounds of nests to the emperor as royalty. On the other hand they were to be exempt from personal taxes, from military service, and from contributions of personal labor, such as are common in Oriental countries. They formed a family league of

the birds affected with a malady which resembles consumption, and which is attended by copious hemorrhage.

Nests of this kind are in great demand. They are rare, and are gathered only in the spring. Local tradition says that these birds die of exhaustion, or of consumption in its advanced stages, before the end of the second winter. Scientists being scarce among the Annamese, and the French colonists not having yet sufficient time for observation, it is not known whether this disease is peculiar only to a part of the birds, or whether the salivary secretion that causes the malady,



INTERIOR OF EDIBLE BIRD'S NEST CAVE.

forty or fifty men, elected two of their number as leaders, under the title of *gnan* and *doi*, and founded a village convenient for their commerce, which still exists under the name of Yen Xa—"Village of the Swallow's Nest."

The nests are the product of a salivary secretion of the birds. As to their mercantile value, they are divided into three distinct categories. The most valuable are those into which there enters a certain portion of the blood. These are called *yen huyet*. Singularly enough, they can be produced only by

causes the death of all of them after a year or two of existence. The smallness of the quantity of these nests annually gathered—which is only three or four pounds—would seem to indicate that the disease is only partial and peculiar to those possessed of the weakest lungs. All other nests (*yan soo*) are classed as second quality. Nothing but the saliva of the bird enters into their construction.

They are gathered in the spring, summer and autumn. The spring harvest is the most valuable because it includes the two qualities.

Two nests of the first quality weigh one ounce, and are worth at the place of production five Mexican dollars at current value in Annam. Those of the second quality are worth little more than half as much. The summer gathering is entirely of nests of the second quality. They are smaller and less compact. It requires four of these to make an ounce, which is worth two Mexican dollars. The autumn harvest is still less valuable. The nests are scarce and not highly esteemed. It requires seven to make an ounce, which is not worth more than \$1.20 to \$1.40. Experts express the opinion that this gathering should be dispensed with, since it is worth so little and there is danger of destroying the eggs.

Nearly all the nests are sold to the Chinese living in the cities of Annam and Tonquin, or sent to Chinese ports. Only the Chinese and some high mandarins of the Court of Hue, who prefer the Chinese cuisine, can afford the luxury. They are eaten by the Chinese, cooked with flesh or with sugar, having first been cleaned of all extraneous substances, by a liberal application of hot water. When cooked with fowl or game, fruit of the water lily is added. Chinese physicians prescribe them as a sovereign remedy for diseases of the lungs, asthma, disordered digestion, and most other maladies. The good qualities of the nests are estimated no doubt in proportion to the price. It is certain that, as an article of diet, they have made little impressions on western nations.

The harvest is made in a manner simple and picturesque. Sections of bamboo are thrust into the holes in the side all the way up the precipice, forming an immense ladder by whose rounds the coolies ascend, detaching with a knife as they go, the nests glued on the walls. One of the family which monopolizes the industry, watches meanwhile anxiously below to see that the laborer does not, in gathering, detach some portion of the precious nest and secrete it about his person. The operation is full of danger, and annually costs several lives.

The monopoly is at this moment in danger of passing into other hands. A rich Chinese company of Hong Cong, which is building a handsome European hotel at Tourane, and which has branch houses in the principal cities of Annam and Tonquin, is offering the Hue government a handsome bonus for the privilege of gathering the nests. The monopolists are greatly excited at the prospect of losing it, and in support of their claim are offering in evidence the very document given to their ancestors by the Emperor Gai Long.

Money is needed at the court of Hue, and the ancient manuscript will be critically scrutinized by Annamese officials to discover if it is a grant in perpetuity or whether there is not a chance to make a good round sum by the transfer. In the meantime the swallows, instead of seeking haunts free from invasion, come back punctually with every recurring season, regardless of their health and this increasing spoliation. Other swallows in other countries can return peacefully to their last year's nests in the ensuing spring. These swallows of Annam must keep on pandering to an aristocratic desire, building their homes and giving their life's blood forever to satisfy a diseased appetite.

Shanghai Courier.

THE LAW OF RECOMPENSE.

THERE is no wrong by any one committed,
But will recoil;
Its sure return with double ill repeated,
No skill can foil.

As on the earth the mists it yields to heaven
Descend in rain,
So, on his head who e're has evil given,
It falls again.

It is the law of life that retribution
Shall follow wrong;
It never fails although the execution
May tarry long.

Then let us be with unrelaxed endeavor,
Just, true and right;
That the great law of recompense may ever
Our hearts delight.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE
HEBREWS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 489.)

WHEN Isaac had become old and blind, and feared he was going to die, and desiring to bless his children before being called away by death, he sent for Esau, and desired him to get venison, and make savoury meat, a dish that he was particularly fond of, that he might eat and bless him before he died. Rebekah, overhearing him, desired Jacob to have the first blessing, so sent him upon the same errand, and prepared the dish before the return of Esau.

Then she covered the smooth hands and neck of Jacob with the skins of the kid, that they might feel like those of Esau, whose skin was rough and hairy, Jacob then carried the dish to his father and received the blessing intended by Isaac for his first-born; and which gave him dominion over his brother and his substance.

When Esau returned and found what had transpired, he wept bitterly, and hated Jacob because of the blessing he had received. He said in his heart that after his father died he would slay his brother. Isaac, too, was surprised and grieved at what had occurred, but could not withdraw his blessing. He blessed Esau in the following words: "And by thy sword shalt thou live and shalt serve thy brother: and it shall come to pass that when thou shalt have dominion, thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck."

Jacob was warned by his mother that Esau intended to slay him, and was advised by her to flee to her brother Laban at Haron, until the anger of his brother had blown over. Isaac blessed him before he departed, with the blessings of Abraham, and told him to take a wife from among his mother's kindred; and thus he left his father's house. About the same time Esau married another wife; his cousin Mahalath, daughter of Ishmael. He did this because he knew that his parents objected to the Canaanitish women.

On the first day of Jacob's journey, when

the sun was set, he halted, and lay down to sleep with a stone for a pillow.

That night he had a beautiful dream or vision, in which he saw a ladder which reached from the earth into heaven, on which angels were ascending and descending. At the top of the ladder stood the Lord. He spoke to Jacob, giving him the blessings that He had covenanted with his grandfather Abraham to bestow upon his seed, also promising him that he should return to his father's house in peace.

When Jacob arose, he set up the stone for a pillar, poured oil upon it, and named the place Bethel. He then made a vow that if God would keep him, give to him food and raiment, and bring him again to his father's house in safety, that the Lord should be his God, and of all his substance he would give a tenth part to Him. Thus we see that the law of tithes is of very ancient date.

When Jacob came near the city where his uncle Laban dwelt, he espied a well; this was the same well where his mother, Rebekah had met the servant of Abraham, when he was in search of a wife for Isaac.

Here Jacob also met the maiden who afterwards became his wife; viz., his cousin Rachel, who was a shepherdess, and kept her father's sheep. While he was tarrying at the well, she came to water her flocks. Jacob told her who he was, kissed her, and wept.

His tears were probably due to the joy he felt in discovering his relatives, and the loneliness from which he had been suffering since leaving the parental roof for the first time. His cousin, who was young and beautiful, and doubtless kind, made a deep impression upon him, and he very gallantly rolled the stone from the mouth of the well, and watered her sheep for her.

Laban received him kindly, and invited him to remain with him. Jacob had been there one month assisting in the farm work, when his uncle insisted upon paying him wages.

Jacob loved Rachel, and told Laban he would work for her seven years, to which the father agreed.

Besides Rachel, there was an elder daughter, Leah, who had some affection of the eyes and was not so prepossessing in her general appearance as her younger sister. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and we are told that the time seemed but a few days because of his great love for her.

When the time had expired, he went to Laban and claimed his wife. A great feast was prepared during which Laban had Leah married to Jacob instead of Rachel. The anger and chagrin of Jacob when he discovered the deception, can be imagined. He went to Laban and upbraided him for his conduct. The only excuse given was that it was against the custom of the country for a younger daughter to be married before an older. He then proposed to give him Rachel a week later, provided he would yet work seven more years; Jacob consented to this, and one week later married Rachel, whom he always loved most.

Leah bore him four sons; Reuben, Simeon, Levi and Judah, but Rachel was barren.

In grief at this state of affairs, Rachel gave her hand-maid Bilhah, to Jacob for a wife. Bilhah bore him two sons, Dan and Naphthali. Not to be outdone by her sister, Leah gave her hand-maid Zilpah to her husband for a wife, and she bore two sons whose names were Gad and Ashur. Later Leah had two other sons, Issachar and Zebulon; also a daughter called Dinah.

Then God hearkened to the prayers of Rachel, and she bore a son whom they named Joseph.

Jacob now wished to leave his father-in-law and settle in some country where he could better provide for the wants of his increasing family.

This was contrary to the wishes of Laban, and Jacob was finally prevailed upon to stay on condition that he should have all the spotted and speckled cattle and all the brown sheep in the herds, and all similarly marked, that should be born thereafter, as his wages.

The Lord prospered him greatly, insomuch that more animals were born marked in this

way than any other, until finally Laban and his sons became discontented.

So Jacob was commanded by the Lord to take his family and herds and leave Laban's house. Jacob took his family, his servants and all his substance and stole away in the night, unknown to Laban, who did not hear of his flight until three days later. He then pursued after them, and overtook them in Mt. Gilead, where they had pitched their tents. Laban accused Jacob of carrying off his gods. Now Rachel, unknown to her husband had done this, but through a little stratagem of her own they were not discovered when the tents were searched.

Jacob and Laban became reconciled to each other and entered into a covenant of peace. The spot at which they made this covenant they called "Mizpah," which translated means "may God watch between thee and me while we are absent from each other." Laban then returned to his home, and Jacob pursued his journey toward the land of his father.

He almost feared to meet his brother Esau lest his anger had not yet cooled. He sent envoys ahead with large presents of cattle, hoping thus to conciliate him. Whereupon Esau with four hundred men came out to meet him, and the brothers were reconciled to each other.

It was during this journey that Jacob met an angel of the Lord, wrestled with, and prevailed against him. The Lord then changed his name to Israel, meaning "prince of God." Jacob, or Israel as we shall henceforth call him, named the place where he wrestled with the angel, Peneil. He then journeyed to Shechem and dwelt there. Shechem, son of Hamor, king of that country, became enamored of Leah's daughter, Dinah, and dishonored her. He then wished to marry her, which Israel and his family consented to if he and all the Shechemites would be circumcised. They consented to this and it was done. However the defilement of their sister so wrangled in the breasts of the sons of Jacob that they fell upon the Shechemites and slew

all the males of the city, Hamor and Shechem among them. Jacob, fearing that the surrounding tribes would now come upon them to destroy them for what his sons had done, removed to Bethel, his old home. Shortly after Rachel bore another son, at whose birth she died. His father named him Benjamin, meaning "son of my right hand." Rachel was buried in Bethlehem, and Jacob built a monument in her honor, mourning for her many days.

Isaac, happy in having seen Jacob once more, died at the age of one hundred and eighty years, and was buried by Jacob and Esau. Jacob now had twelve sons by his four wives, in the following order:

Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issacher and Zebulun, sons of Leah; Dan and Naphthali, sons of Bilhah; Gad and Ashur, sons of Zilpah; and Joseph and Benjamin, sons of Rachel. These are of special interest as they became the heads of the Twelve Tribes of Israel.

Esau removed to Mt. Seir in Edom, and became the father of the Edomites.

Joseph, eldest son of Rachel, was more beloved by his father than any of his other sons, because he was the child of his old age. This caused a feeling of jealousy and envy to spring up in the hearts of his brethren and they hated him because of it. Their anger was increased when Joseph told them of two dreams he had had; one in which his brothers' sheaves had arisen and bowed down to his sheaves, and another in which the sun, moon, and eleven stars had made obeisance to him. They interpreted these dreams that Joseph desired and expected to rule over them, his elder brethren; and they resolved to put him away the first opportunity they had. Therefore when Israel sent Joseph with provisions to his brethren who were tending their flocks, they cast him into a pit, intending to leave him there to die. Judah objected to this cruel procedure and they took him out and sold him to a company of Ishmaelitic merchants who chanced to be passing, for twenty pieces of silver, and they took him to Egypt.

Joseph's brothers then dipped his "coat of many colors," which his father had made for him, into the blood of a kid, and carried it home to their father, pretending that they knew not what had become of their brother.

Jacob concluded his beloved son had been killed by some wild beast, and mourned his loss, and refused to be comforted.

When the Ishmaelitic merchants reached Egypt they sold Joseph to Potiphar, captain of the king's guards. Notwithstanding the evil designs of his brethren, who expected Joseph would be sold into perpetual slavery, the Lord was with him and prospered him greatly.

His master, Potiphar, was very favorably impressed with him, and made him overseer of his household.

Joseph, being handsome, well-favored and pleasant, his master's wife fell desperately in love with him, and tempted him to sully his virtue. When he indignantly refused, she sought to force him to accede to her desires. He fled from her presence, but left a portion of his dress in her hands. Angry and revengeful, she went to her husband and accused Joseph of the very act which he had refused to commit, showing the garment as proof of her assertions. As a consequence of her accusations, Joseph was thrown into prison. The Lord was still with him, and he found favor with the jailor, who made him a sort of keeper over the other prisoners.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COURTESY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

TO ABBREVIATE and neglect the forms of politeness is really to diminish the sentiments and the needs of the heart. As soon as one ceases to express outwardly even the most essential sentiments, these sentiments become weakened to a certain degree in the soul; they lose something of their delicacy and of their energy. The cultivation of the forms of politeness must be begun in family life between husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters.

“WASEL” DARROW.*

THE picture presented to my mind as I look back down through the years that mark the course of Rachael Darrow's life, is worthy the pen of an artist, and I wish, dear reader, that I had the ability to portray so perfectly upon this paper before me, the scenes I attempt to describe, as to cause you to experience the same emotions that filled my breast as I listened to the facts from the lips of those who shared her life and loved her most.

Though this narrative may be lacking much to make it a thrilling sketch, yet it possesses one very worthy merit, that of truthfulness. It bears no false coloring. And she, from whose real life, now ebbing to a close, I have stolen this chapter to give you today, will forgive me I know for disclosing that portion of her history which I have no doubt she had thought would be buried with her as far as the general public are concerned. She would say, “Oh don't trouble to write it up, my experience of those days is so nearly the same as that of almost every other Mormon woman of that period.” And I verily believe that among the facts recorded here, many a wife and mother in Utah, will find some portion of her own experience.

If the reader has patience to be borne through a narrative covering the space of so many years, I would like to go back to the time when we first knew Rachael, a bright, golden-haired child of three. They called her “Wasel,” her baby-sister's pronunciation of the name. As she was the seventh gem that had been dropped from the heavenly coffers into the Darrow family, her birth, which occurred on one stormy night in March 1823, created little wonder or surprise and no particular comment except, “Well, there's now one more mouth to fill,” from Mr. Darrow, as the woman in attendance upon the occasion laid the little bundle, wrapped in an old woolen shawl, tenderly in his arms. The

Darrow family were not well off. Some ten years before the time I write of, they had entered the Hoosier State, which then gloried in all its primeval splendor of forest, deer and panther. They made a “clearing” and erected a capacious log cabin, to which was added, a year or two after, the low sideroofed room in which Rachael was born.

At the time of their immigration, all their household goods might have been, and I think were, transported by means of a wheel-barrow. But considering the difficulties to be surmounted in all newly settled regions we may decide, I think, that the horn of plenty had sat beside their door, for we find them at this time the possessors of not a few acres of land from which the blackberry and hazel bush had disappeared before their industrious hands, and which showed each year a sea of golden corn, with pumpkins and potatoes in abundance. Another source of wealth lay in the grove of grand old sugar maples that stood within the lines that marked the boundary of the “Darrow homestead claim.” But with all the advantages of fertile lands and close co-operative economy and industry, it had been difficult sometimes to keep actual want from stalking in upon them, so the little new comer was fondled less warmly, I imagine, than she would have been had not visions of a coming struggle for the maintenance of so many, forced itself upon the parents' minds.

As if the baby, “Wasel,” realized that her birth had been at a most inconvenient season and not in perfect accordance with the financial conditions of the family, she early manifested a disposition to care for herself and provide for her own wants; and the child seemed truly the prophecy of the woman, for the same independent course marked her way through life. This self-reliance exhibited so early in the child, created, as would naturally be the case, a corresponding carelessness on the part of the rest of the family, as to giving the little one any more attention than complied with her actual needs. In that busy, bustling household, no step was ever hindered, no precious moment wasted to bestow a kiss

*One of our Prize Articles.

of affection, or a loving caress on baby "Wasel." For the many bumps of the curly head, or other childish trouble, the mother's sympathizing "there, there," was sufficient solace. So through all her tender babyhood she was bereft of those sweet and tender things—the seed of love plants of life, which, if not sown early, rarely find room in which to germinate.

The care of "Wasel" was left almost entirely to her brother Willie, five years her senior. It was he who washed her little face at night and attended to her morning toilet, and fed her her portion of bread and milk before her own tiny hands had learned to wield the spoon. He brought her the sweet blossoms from the meadow where he herded the cows, and with which she garlanded the head of the dog Tig, who was her constant companion. The friendship that existed between the dog and child seemed almost human. For hours she would sit entwining her hands in his shaggy coat, or lie on the floor with her head on his side while she took her afternoon nap.

Of Tig's early doghood nothing was known. He had come one morning hungry and footsore into the back yard of their home, where he sought refuge from the missiles of some Waffleton lads who were persecuting him for his very ugliness I believe. Willie took compassion on the poor dog and found a plate of cold scraps for him. After eating them he gratefully licked the hand of his benefactor and stretched himself out under the haw tree to rest. When in the evening he was bidden to resume his journey he refused to go and in spite of their efforts to oust him he persisted in remaining. Finally through the intercession of Willie he was allowed a place in the yard, where he soon formed the acquaintance of "Wasel," who was allowed to play out of doors a great deal during the mild days, and as cool weather approached and the child was kept more inside, the dog, heedless of the injunction to remain outside, persistently took his place beside her, as if he considered himself her natural protector.

Tig had been an inmate of the Darrow home almost a year, when one morning as they sat at breakfast, Silas the oldest son, announced his intention to kill him, saying, "we do not need him with the cattle now we've the other two dogs."

"He's the best cow scenter in the county," said his brother John, as he buttered his wheaten biscuit, a luxury rarely enjoyed except on Sabbath morning in that section, the staple for the week day meals being corn bread or johnnie cake. "'Tis most a pity to kill him."

"Pity!" echoed Will, dropping his knife and fork, while the tears sprang to his eyes. "Kill 'Wasel's' friend!" and he vehemently denounced his brother's intention as both cruel and wicked.

Stronger words would have passed between them but their father interposed, "The little one I dare say will soon forget all about the dog, so let your brother be rid of him if he will."

"He shall not be *killed*, anyway," muttered Will later as he passed out into the yard.

Early next morning, before the family were seated at breakfast, Will came in heated and flushed from his long walk over to the village tannery. In answer to their inquiries he said; "Si Kemp goes to Laconia tomorrow for hides and will take Tig as freight."

"You'd better shoot him and save your money, Will," said John.

Will only shook his head, and taking Rachael upon his lap proceeded to lace the little shoes.

The following morning "Si" Kemp's freight wagon with its great load of rough-hewn staves and tiles, stopped before the house of Mr. Darrow. Tig after being tied and weighed, was thrown upon the load. Having received the seventy-five cents which, with the exception of a single quarter left him, was all Will's share of the "gleanings" from the sugar troughs, "Si" Kemp drove off on his way to Laconia.

The pining of Rachael for her lost friend made them all sad. The mother as she went about her work often lifted the corner of her apron

to her eyes, while she listened to her plaintive call upon the dog's name. Her father was more tender than before, and gently lifted the little one to his knee, a thing quite unusual to him, and stroked her golden hair kindly with his hard, rough hand. Even the selfish heart of Silas was touched.

On the evening of the third day of the dog's departure, as Mrs. Darrow stood by the kitchen table ironing, while Rachael played in the sunshine by the door, a sudden clapping of the little hands and the joyful cry of "*Tied! Tied!*" arrested her attention. Weak and exhausted Tig came through the yard, threw himself down by Rachael's side, and joyfully licked her hands and face.

During the two days' journey with the freighter he had refused to eat, and when on the evening of the second day he was released he darted off on the homeward track, never stopping for food or rest till he reached the side of his little friends.

I cannot tell why I allow space to this story of the dog Tig unless it is because of the inherent desire I have always had for recording the deeds of the true and faithful. Perhaps it is because I should not consider the history of Rachael Darrow's life complete without these little incidents of her childhood.

But an incident occurred soon which established beyond a doubt the right of Tig to a place by the Darrow hearthstone.

It was Monday morning, and Rachael had toddled down to the bank of the creek, where her mother was busy with the family wash and drew herself up as usual, by the side of the huge trough which served the purpose of a tub.

Mrs. Darrow was a southern woman and had brought with her to her northern home many of the customs of her warm-hearted ancestors, and to these she tenaciously clung. She never could be bothered, she said, with the little rickety stave tubs, such as were used by her northern sisters; hence a huge poplar had been felled, one side hewn to the square while the other was scooped out, forming a huge trough similar to that in which, in her youth,

Dinah, her mother's only servant, had "battled" her clothes.

Rachael watched the lifting of the clothes from the hot foaming suds, onto the broad heavy battling board where, after receiving sufficient smearings from the gourd of soft soap standing on the end of the trough, they were spatted and beaten with a huge mahogany paddle in her mother's right hand. But at length she grew tired of this, and of tumbling among the dirty clothes on the grass, and, unnoticed by her mother wandered off down to the bank of the creek.

At length Mrs. Darrow stripped the suds from her arms, gave the clothes boiling in the huge iron kettle another stir, and throwing off her wet apron started for the house to prepare the dinner, when she bethought her of Rachael. She called loudly for the child and Tig, but neither came, nor answered to her call. It did not take long for the feet made fleet with fear to reach that part of the creek's bank a few rods below her washing domicile, where the little one, imagining perhaps that she could reach the beautiful red berries she saw reflected in the water, had lost her balance and fallen in. And she now hung over the stream, with one edge of her toe dress caught upon a snag just beneath the surface of the water, while the other was held firmly between the jaws of Tig, who stood, with dripping coat, upon the bank above.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TEACHER of a primary class related to her pupils the story of Adam and Eve. To test their memory said she: "After God created Adam and Eve, what did He do with them?" With a quickness which did more credit to his idea of the "eternal fitness" of things, than to his memory, a little boy answered: "Then He put clothes on them."

Good manners cover defects for a time.

A DREAM.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 496.]

“YOU wonder at my confidence in my companion—a few words will explain all.

“I have two names, both dear to me; one placed upon me by love, the other by hatred. Sir, as you are my friend, you will call me Faith, my enemies call me Blind Obedience. I love the latter name, for God’s providence made me blind, and is it a sin to be obedient to the voice of wisdom and love? Years ago I started upon this journey, accompanied by two brothers and a sister, and led by the patriarch you now see in advance. Our destination was to be in a land of peace, separated from the confusion and vice of the wicked. Our leader would read from the guide book of a beautiful city, ruled over by a wise and just being, and inhabited by people who dwelt together as a holy family. We were full of hope, and those were happy days. I would walk between brother and sister with my hands in theirs, all the more happy because a gracious God had stricken me that I might the more fully claim their love. But bliss was not my only portion. ‘We were poor—we were persecuted—we were tempted.

“My elder brother was noble and talented, in his mind burned the lamp of wisdom. Oh, it were better had true intelligence lighted his heart! Men sought him out, they bowed their heads to his genius, they clasped his hands in congratulations, they poured insidious praise into his willing ears, and dragged him from our sides crowned with laurel. When he placed his hand, as if in condescension upon my head, he told me this: ‘Sister the voice of fame calls louder than love, I must go.’ And this was not all, I was doomed to lose my other companions. My remaining brother, whom people called handsome and whom I knew to be proud, when trials pressed sorely upon us said: ‘If our labors bring nothing but contempt, no reward but that contained in the mirage of hope, it were better to exchange the uncertain promise of a

great future for the tangible offerings of the present, though they be but small.’ I told him how our guide had read from the great book of rewards, beside which the present gifts were insignificant, but my brother turned from me with the cruel words: ‘Twill do for those who cannot see!’ His eyes led his heart, Oh, it were better had he, too, been blind! I trusted in my sister for she was ever near with patient hand and loving word to cheer my life. At last she, too, became inattentive, and I noticed with an agonizing fear, that she remained with greater reluctance by my side; and that though her words were in a studied form of kindness they lacked the tenderness they once were clothed with. One day she placed my hand in the aged palm of our guide and with a kiss that chilled my soul she turned from me.

“‘Oh, dear sister,’ I said in the agony of a breaking heart, ‘do not leave me, cannot the sacred tie of love—the golden bond of affection, keep us together?’

“‘Sister,’” she said, “‘you know not what love is; your shadowed mind cannot picture the tender glance of a lover, your soul is closed against the blissful rays of a stronger passion than sisters ever have for each other. Come with me and the voice that calls me wife shall call you sister.’

“‘And give up the grand hope of my life?’ I asked. She too uttered those cruel words, ‘Such a hope will do for those who cannot see.’ And thus my friend, you see me alone but for my aged guide. He led me by my hand until I learned to walk by the sound of his voice. Should I not believe in him when he has been so kind? I have come through much tribulation. Scoffs and jeers have been my constant portion. Everybody seems to notice, some to ridicule and some to pity. Their cruel treatment is easily endured for I have heard of one greater than I who died under the taunts of his enemies; but when kind persons caress me and almost force their charity upon me saying I am deceived, I almost wish that I might believe them. But I cannot doubt my guide. I walk now in the

dark—sometime, he says I shall see ; oh, how I await that glorious time ! My reward is promised, but I do not know the trials to be endured before it is mine. I never ask my leader what will be in the course of tomorrow's travels—though he knows : if in the commencement of the journey I had seen the road over which I have since walked, my hope could not have sustained me."

Just then I was startled by a vivid flash of lightning, followed in a moment by a loud clap of thunder which made my companion shudder. Unnoticed by me under the spell of the pathetic recital I had heard, a dense bank of clouds had been accumulating over our heads ; and now, flash following flash and peal following peal warned us that a terrific storm would soon be upon us. Noticing a cleft in some rocks near by I touched my companion's arm, saying :

"Here is a good shelter which we had better take advantage of until the storm passes by."

"My guide knows best," was the only reply she gave me, and drawing her tattered cloak more closely about her form, she slightly increased her pace. In despair I looked up the side of the mountain down which the storm was advancing with terrible strides. High above the roar of the wind, came now and then the crash of a tree, as loosed from some craggy height it dashed into an abyss below, or the rumbling of some boulder which freed from its ancient bed by the dashing torrents leaped with demoniac joy down the steep decline. It would be madness to advance in the face of such dangers.

I called loudly to the receding figures of my late companions but received no reply.

Sick at heart and quaking with fear I crept beneath an overhanging rock, from which position I could watch their movements. Straight on up the side of the mountain they went, with heads bent and faces averted to escape the storm, but with their scantily covered breasts receiving the blunt of wind and rain. Whatever might have been my former opinion as to the intelligence of the leader,

it was a very poor one now and had not the fury of the storm excited so much fear in my mind as to my personal safety, I should have endeavored by force to rescue the fair follower from her dangerous delusion and let the heartless deceiver reap the reward of his foolishness alone. As I watched I could not prevent an exclamation of horror escaping me as a tree would reel and fall across their path, or a boulder go humming by ; but to my surprise the tree invariably fell behind, and the huge missile, as if possessed of reason, would leap into the air or to one side, and leave the daring adventurers unscathed.

The storm increased ; and the elements seemed by one tremendous effort to be trying to reduce to primeval chaos the solid rocks, and trees, and hills. The waters accumulating up the slope formed themselves into seething torrents and came irresistably down, and where one moment showed a mere seam the next would disclose a yawning chasm. Soon I noticed that one of these instantaneous creations separated the two objects of my attention. On one side stood the gray haired man beckoning and calling, on the other stood the trembling form of the girl, forced to recede as the banks crumbled beneath her feet. Soon I knew she must be out of hearing and my heart turned cold as stone as I saw her retreat, unaided by sight, was directly toward a solid clift past which there was no going. "Oh !" I cried, "and this is the culmination of your hope—this the reward of your years of painful labor—this the exchange you received for the love of your brothers and sisters ! It would have been better for you had you chosen their lot of comparative happiness in preference to your presumptuous ambition !"

She had reached the wall and was standing with her back toward it. I expected to see her show signs of despair, but instead of that her actions still expressed hopes. Now she knelt in an attitude of supplication, her hands clasped over her breast as we see pictures of children praying, and her sightless eyes directed upward. I placed my hands over my eyes to shut out the terrible sight, for I knew

that a moment more must end all. For one horrible minute I remained with my face covered, when, under an influence I could not control I again turned my gaze to the awful spectacle. Great was my astonishment at beholding—not the blind girl alone, but in company with two glorious beings, who were in a circle of exceedingly brilliant light. They were speaking to her, and one of them placed his hands upon her eyes. Then followed a scene which I shall never forget, as the eyes of the girl opened to drink in for the first time the lovely sight. She clapped her hands in rapture, then knelt between the two holding a hand of each; here every expression was of the truest happiness and gratitude. The chasm was extending under her feet, and the two persons bore my late companion up and away and she was soon lost from my view. The storm in the mountain now began to abate, and I could hear it with augmented power in the valley below. The plain was under a dark cloud, while the rays of the sun as it sank in the west cast a glorious light upon the place the storm had recently devastated. Impressed beyond the power of words to tell by the wonderful scenes I had beheld I bowed my head in meditation. Soon my thoughts were interrupted by a sound of music in the distance. The tune was a beautiful one and its exquisite harmony was beyond any that mortals ever heard. Then I heard a voice which I recognized to be the voice of my companion although it was richer and purer and trilled with vibrations of bliss.

Soon I was able to tell the words of her song.

"Thy lamp beams brightly everywhere,
'Twould lead our hearts from sin,
But for a selfish, worldly glare,
Which dims the flame within.

"If flowers thy heavenward path adorns,
Who could not walk aright!
But the journey made through briars and thorns
Is hallowed in thy sight."

The song ceased, and now looking into the valley below I saw the cloud which had lain like a pall over the town begin to drift away. But underneath where once had been pomp

and magnificence all was ruin. Where pride and vice had once walked and reveled, now a gloomy silence prevailed. The debris of palace and hovel were mixed. The rich debauchee lay beside the poor criminal.

Looking up the mountain I saw what before was hidden—a lovely valley, narrow at the entrance but widening out into a large plain.

In the distance I could see the white wall of a city, above which towered stately buildings. The sunset garnished the whole grand picture with a glorious radiance.

Side by side at the entrance of the valley I saw the two travelers walking joyfully along. With the echo of the beautiful song still in my ears and satisfaction in my mind over the triumph of innocence and faith and the destruction of vice, I awoke.

Jeremy Gingle.

HOW I LEARNED OBEDIENCE.

IN THE early fall of 1851 it was my good fortune to accompany President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and others on a tour of inspection through Salt Lake valley south, across the Jordan river, thence through Utah valley and entirely around Utah Lake, which at that time was an item of much interest to the settlers on the line of travel. As the company was homeward bound it was overtaken by a great storm of wind and rain, which hurried them for shelter to the then little hamlet of Lehi, situated about thirty miles south of Salt Lake City, where they remained storm-bound for three days. Most of the company obtained shelter in the already overcrowded log cabins placed in the form of a fort for the protection of the community. The teamsters and horsemen—some of the latter were headstrong boys—were content to house with the horses in poorly constructed sheds, which consisted of four poles set in the ground with crossties above and covered with brush and coarse grass, having no sides. The rain dripping discolored and cold, through the

roof penetrated their scanty clothing and cooled the warmest blood.

In this dismal manner we spent two days and nights of discomfort, endured with as little patience as was exhibited by the lusty urchins in Feb., 1846, who fared no better during ten days of just such weather on the Sugar Creek in the exodus from Nauvoo. The men outside were regularly called in to the cabins to meals, and in the warmth of a good fire and plenty of good cheer, forgot for a few moments their unpleasant surroundings. The Lehi people were hospitable and entertained the President and his company, which may have numbered fifty souls more or less, with a hearty good will. Often I think of those kind, good people who deemed it no hardship to labor all night to prepare food and other accommodations for their noble leaders and their friends. Freely would they give their last pound of flour and other cherished stores to furnish aid and comfort for these prophetic men who under God had promised peace and plenty to their followers, which prophecy was fulfilled to a remarkable degree even at that early day, to the intense satisfaction of the Latter-day Saints.

On the third day it was a spirit of rebellion in me that led to the following episode :

Borrowing a wild Spanish mare of one party, who seemed anxious to have her proud spirit tamed, and a saddle and bridle from another party, I rode out into the sea of dirty water unobserved as I supposed by the more comfortably located members of the company. One individual with a pair of keen, black eyes which were ever on the alert, had noticed an unusual commotion in the center of the fort, and just at that moment his broad shoulders and stately figure, stooping low to preserve his massive bald head from contact with a harder substance issued forth from the door and called out in lusty tones to me, "Hello ! where are you going ?"

The reply came in surly tones: "going home; can't stand this sort of thing any longer."

"Now, my boy, go right back, put out your

horse, exercise a little more patience and in the morning the weather will be clear and the whole company will go home. It is only one more day, and I tell you not to start away in the present state of the weather.

I replied. "No I will not remain ; I am going home."

"I tell you to obey me. Get down off that horse and stay here until the proper time comes and we shall all go home together ; disobedience will bring trouble."

I was obdurate ; said no more and rode off, conscious that I was doing wrong regretting it and yet determined to have my own way. Dear reader, have you ever disobeyed counsel? Do you know the result of disobedience?

I disappeared in the distance. The gentleman returned to shelter.

About one mile from Lehi is found a place called Dry Creek. But little water flowed there in those days, but in consequence of the prolonged rain the little stream had suddenly assumed the proportions of a mountain torrent. Here was an obstacle not counted upon—and the roaring mass of mud and water looked terrible to this evil doer. I fully realized the danger of attempting to pass this stream in its present swollen condition, but it had no terrors for me compared with the humiliation of returning to Lehi. Had there been bridges they would have been swept away for the banks of the stream were torn by the mad waters into precipitous bluffs. Disobedient pride ruled, and with whip and spur I forced the unwilling brute, contrary to her better judgment, to attempt the passage. With one mighty spring forward down into the seething mass plunged horse and rider and as the turbulent waters closed over us it seemed as if we would never rise again. In this as many other cases His providences are over the unruly often when their hearts rebel and turn to devilish, revengeful feelings against His fatherly care.

Now commenced a struggle for life. Overborne and swept down by the irresistible force of the current the horse in imminent danger, rolled over and over, and thus lost all con-

trol over her action. Suddenly horse and rider lodged against a small island in mid current; it was crumbling rapidly away, but the force of the current kept us jammed against its side for the moment. I sprang from the saddle to the island taking the end of the long bridle reins with me. For a moment it seemed that I would be able to control the horse but instantly the heavy current forced the animal clear from her resting place and carried her down stream with a force that parted the bridle reins and left her free to battle for life.

The mare finally succeeded in clambering out, shook herself and trotted off, leaving her helpless burden, insecurely located on a yard square of earth, to get to shore as best he could. I began to think of the efficacy of counsel, but there was little time to pause. A sudden plunge, a short, sharp conflict with the water and I reached the southern bank and stood upon terra firma once more. My return walk was not pleasant but repentance was near and I scarcely noticed disagreeable mud and water under foot and covering my whole person.

The peril, through drenching, and walk to the fort completely humbled me. I sought out my would-be counselor and made this confession: "Never again in future life will I disregard the advice and counsel of President Heber C. Kimball."

The next morning was clear and bright and the whole company wended their way home, thankful and cheerful. One fifteen year old boy was thoughtful and humble, he had received a lesson that is undimmed by now nearly forty years' experience.

A few weeks after that I paid fifteen dollars for the lost saddle and bridle and several dollars it cost me to find the mare and return her to her owner.

Resingham.

THOSE who have obtained the farthest insight into nature have been in all ages firm believers in God.

SO TRICKY.

SHORTLY after a fire in a town "down South," a colored man called on an insurance agent and said:

"Wants my money, Cap'n."

"I don't owe you any money."

"Ain't yesse'f de 'sho'ence agent?"

"Yes, I am an insurance agent."

"Den yer owes me money, fur my sto' burned up durin' de late fire, sah."

"You were not insured in my company."

"Golly, you say I wa'n't!"

"Come get out of here."

"Hold on, boss, an' lemme 'splain. Woz Mr. Jones 'shored in yer comp'ny?"

"Yes."

"Woz Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes."

"Wall an' good. Now my sto' was just bertwixt Mr. Jones an' Mr. Jackson. De wall o' dar sto's made de walls o' my sto'. Ef yer'd a took dar sto's erway, my sto' wouder been gone. De inshoin' o' dar own sto's insho'ed mine, doan yer see?"

"No, I don't see."

"Den I ain't goin' ter git nuffin, is I?"

"No."

"I'll recollect dis, sah, an' see whut de cou't'ous'll hab ter say;" and, turning away, he muttered, "Ef I'd'er knowed de comp'ny woz so tricky, I wouln'ter set de blame sto' afire."

AN UNTRUTHFUL BOAST.

WE SOMETIMES hear a man boast of never having known fear; but it is an idle vaunt. It cannot be true; but, if it were, it would bespeak him less, not more manly. One of the bravest soldiers confessed to having felt tortures of fear in his first battle; yet he swerved not an inch, and his comrades thought him utterly fearless. His courage kept him firm in the path of duty, despite his fears.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1890.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Fulfillment of Prophecy.



READER of the prophecies of ancient and modern times would naturally imagine that when the stupendous events which they mention should take place the world would be convinced of the work of God and would repent of their sins. But it is a remarkable fact that prophecy may be fulfilled in the plainest and most unmistakable manner and yet the great bulk of mankind refuse to believe that that which they see is the fulfillment. This is well illustrated in the gathering of the Latter-day Saints. The Prophets Isaiah and Micah predicted as follows :

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills ; and all nations shall flow unto it.

"And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob ; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths : for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

One would naturally think that when these predictions were fulfilled the world would acknowledge that the prophets had foretold the truth, and that these were the events to which they directed attention. But the gathering of the Latter-day Saints from the nations of the earth has now been going on for fifty years and upwards—a gathering which fulfills in every particular the words of the Lord through those prophets, and yet who has been converted to the Lord by witnessing this great movement ?

The prophets have plainly predicted that before the coming of the Lord there should be a variety of signs given to the people, by

which the righteous might know that the day of the Lord was near at hand. The Savior Himself predicted that before His coming wars and rumors of wars should be heard, the whole earth should be in commotion, and men's hearts should fail them. Through the Prophet Joseph the Lord has told the people that after the testimony of the servants of God in these days wrath and indignation should come upon the people ; there should be the testimony of earthquakes, that should cause groanings in the midst of the earth ; there should be the testimony of thunderings, of lightnings, of tempests ; the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bounds, and all things should be in commotion. Through Joseph also the Lord says that he would say to the nations of the earth :

"How oft have I called upon you by the mouth of my servants, and by the ministering of angels, and by mine own voice, and by the voice of thunderings, and by the voice of lightnings, and by the voice of tempests, and by the voice of earthquakes, and great hail storms, and by the voice of famines and pestilence of every kind, and by the great sound of a trumpet and by the voice of judgment, and by the voice of mercy all the day long, and by the voice of glory, and honor, and the riches of eternal life, and would have saved you with an everlasting salvation, but ye would not ?"

From these things it appears that not only are the inhabitants of the earth called by the mouth of God's servants, by the ministering of angels, and by His own voice, but also by the voice of thunderings, and lightnings, and tempests, and earthquakes, and great hail-storms, etc., all these judgments proclaiming the will of God to the people, and bearing testimony to them as a voice of warning.

Yet notwithstanding these things have been fulfilled, no attention is paid to them. The inhabitants of the earth are deaf and blind to all these evidences of God's displeasure and warning.

One of the most notable features in the news of the day is the frequency with which catastrophes of various kinds are published. The inhabitants of the earth are suffering from judgments of the most terrible character ; but they appear to make no impression upon them. The remark is frequently heard,

when allusion is made to these events,

"Oh, these disasters always have occurred. We hear more of them now because of the telegraph, which collects details from all parts of the earth."

In this way mankind console themselves with the idea that there is nothing in these occurrences to be startled at, and their hearts are hardened against the testimony of the servants of God and the testimony of God's judgments.

Those who were familiar with the revelation which the Prophet Joseph received concerning the civil war that should break out between the South and the North, must naturally have thought that when that event should occur many who had rejected the testimony of Joseph would be willing to receive it. He described with such minuteness the manner in which this terrible war would open, and described the place so accurately, even mentioning the name of the state where the war should break out, that all must have felt that when these things took place men would be compelled to acknowledge that he was a true prophet. But what have been the results? The fulfillment of that prophecy has made no apparent impression upon the people. They have gone on hardening their hearts against the truth and rejecting the Prophet Joseph and his testimonies, as well as the truths which he was the means in the hands of the Lord of bringing to the knowledge of men.

So it will be to the end. The Lord calls in vain upon the impenitent and the wicked. They will not listen to His voice, nor to the voice of His servants, nor to the voice of His judgments, but are determined to harden their hearts and go on their way in the downward course. If we did not have evidence of this blindness on the part of the people, it would be almost impossible to convince anyone that it could exist, and that men could be so stupid and obstinate as to resist testimonies of so wonderful a character, especially when they have been foretold with such great plainness.

ROBERT BURNS.

OF ALL the great poets, no doubt Robert Burns, the favorite Scottish bard, is the most widely known to the masses of English speaking peoples. He is unquestionably the most popular among his fellow countrymen, the sons of "bonnie Scotland." The reason for his being so well known is easily discovered. His poems are simple and easily understood by the ordinary reader. They are purely the sentiments of his heart expressed in the simplest language of his country. Apparently they were written on the impulse of the moment—they are the natural products, unadorned with the embellishments of art. As stated in the preface to the first published edition of his works, they were not written with the idea that they would be presented to the public; but "to amuse himself with the little recreations of his own fancy."

Burns did not profess to be a cultured writer of classical rhymes, but sang the songs that his surroundings inspired in the simple language of his native country. He was nature's own poet, and his songs are preserved to us in their original form, without any attempt at polishing or pruning. Then the themes he dwelt upon were commonplace and familiar to all who tread in the humbler walks of life. He sang of the passions, emotions and feeling that animate mankind in the ordinary pursuits of life. Following a humble profession, and mingling with the plain rural inhabitants of his native home he could interpret to them the beauties of their surroundings in verses that they could comprehend. No wonder then that he has become the favorite poet of the people.

In his day as it is now to some extent, it was the habit of cultured poets to display their scholarship in their writings. Being learned in the ancient classics they essayed to imitate in their verses the poets of ancient Greece and Rome. Their rhymes were rendered unintelligible to the uneducated by their frequent references to the deified personages of Greek mythology. Such poems may

call forth the admiration of the learned, not because they appeal to the heart, for they lack the simplicity of true poeey for that, but because they show evidences of learning and deep thought.

As an example of the plain simplicity of the great Scotch bard's verses, in making a comparison he would liken beauty for instance to his sweetheart, "Bonny Jean," or to something well known, a comparison that could easily be understood, while the cultured college-bred poet would liken beauty to Diana, Juno, Minerva, Apollo, or some other mythical deity, unheard of by the common people, and never seen by anyone only in the dim light of a distorted imagination.

In the time of Burns, and long before his day, the favorite style of poem was the epic, a long and tedious description or narrative of the deeds of some hero. Burns was the first in Great Britain to revive an interest in lyric poetry, or songs suitable for singing. It was in this class of poems that he excelled. The most that can be said of many of his other pieces is that they are pleasing, jingling rhymes, some a little humorous, some pathetic, and others ingenious, but with no deep plot. His satires are too severe for this age, and caused him some trouble at the time they were published. In his miscellaneous verses he gives what might really be considered his own history. In fact in his poems one can read his character, his history, his joys, his sorrows, his loves, his fears and all the emotions of his soul. His songs, it can be truthfully said, are the embodiments of true poesy. In them is combined the beauty, grace, tenderness and passion that appeal at once to the human heart.

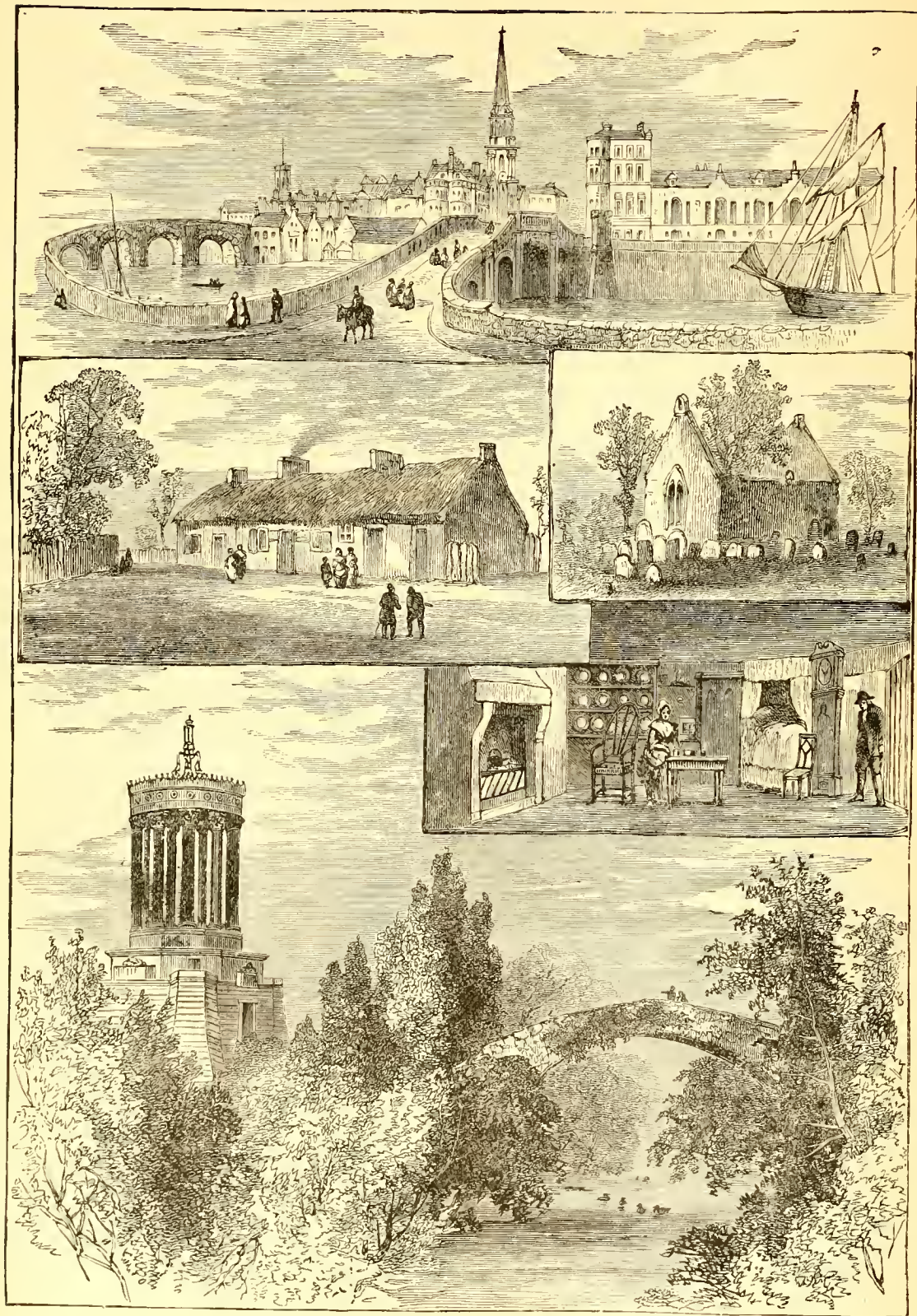
It would seem that men of genius were doomed to lives of misfortune and unhappiness. Especially is it the case that poets live unhappy lives, although their songs may be cheerful, and betray no signs of their melancholy feelings. The life of Burns was not an exception to this rule. He was not without his disappointments and difficulties. And in his case, like in that of others, many of the

troubles he endured were the result of his own follies.

Robert Burns was the son of a farmer, William Burns, or Burness, as he spelled the name, and was born on the 25th of January, 1759, near the bridge of Doon, in Ayrshire, Scotland. Of his early life he gives an interesting account in a letter to Dr. Moore. Space will not permit us to give this account in full, but as it is quite interesting we will quote from it largely. Of his parentage and boyhood he says:

"My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large, where, after many years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understood men, their manners, and their ways, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently I was born a very poor man's son. For the first six or seven years of my life my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate, in the neighborhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farmhouse; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye till they could discern between good and evil; so, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years I was by no means a favorite with anybody.

"My vicinity to Ayr was of some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modifications of spirited pride, was, like our catechism definition of infinitude, 'without bounds or limits.' I formed several connections with other youngsters who possessed superior advantages—the youngling actors, who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where, alas! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is



SCENES THAT WERE FAMILIAR TO THE POET BURNS.

not commonly at this green age that our young gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged playfellows. It takes a few dashes into the world to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, who were perhaps born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the cloutery appearance of my plough-boy carcass, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of all the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books: among them, even then, I could pick up some observations; and one, whose heart I am sure not even the 'Munny Begum' scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East or West Indies, was often to me a sore affliction, but I was soon called to more serious evils. My father's generous master died; the farm proved a ruinous bargain; and, to clench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my 'Tale of Twa Dogs.' My father was advanced in life when married; I was the eldest of seven children; and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labor. My father's spirit was soon irritated but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more; and to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly: I was a dexterous ploughman for my age, and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert,) who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A novel writer might perhaps have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction; but so did not I. My indignation yet boils at the recollection of the factor's threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears."

The awakening within him of the tender passion of love for the opposite sex seems to have aroused the slumbering muse within the poet, and he thus describes the pleasing experience of his first love:

"This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave—brought me to my sixteenth year, a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and a woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell: you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, etc., but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an *Æolian* harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious rattan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sang a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholarship than myself."

The poet goes on with his history by stating that his father, after the expiration of the lease which he held on the farm where he

resided, moved about ten miles further into the country and took another farm. Here after a few years of comparative comfort, difficulties arose and he (the poet's father) only escaped greater troubles by death overtaking him.

Burns says the greatest misfortune of his life was the want of an aim. He realized that the life of a farmer was one of ceaseless hard labor, and to win the smiles of good fortune he would either have to exercise the most rigid economy or resort to scheming. He was doubtful whether he could possibly succeed by the one plan, and the other he detested. He was a very sociable youth and had an ambition to shine in society, but seeing no opportunity, abandoned himself to an aimless career. He seems to have prided himself in his ability to guide the plow, and this fact gave him an air of independence.

Burns was quite a jovial fellow in his youth, and delighted in making love adventures. Other youths confided in him their love matters, and he informs us that he was acquainted with the secrets of half the lovers of the parish. Though apparently fickle, his passion was strong. He admitted that the misfortunes of his father just previous to his death, and himself being jilted by a girl he loved brought over him a state of melancholy and utter wretchedness.

His nineteenth summer he says was spent on a smuggling coast. His despondency no doubt led him to become adventurous. Here he gained some experience at surveying, but the associates he fell in with were not of a desirable character, and he learned habits of dissipation and accustomed himself to drinking with the drunkard. These habits, were what lead to greater difficulties that awaited him in the near future. Despite of good resolutions which he made, misfortunes, and disappointments seem to have made him reckless. He resolved to leave his native land forever, and made what preparations he could to go to Jamaica. Previous to leaving, however, he determined to publish his poems. Of this time the poet writes as follows:

"I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro driver, or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I can truly say that, *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favor. It ever was my opinion, that the mistakes and blunders, both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves. To know myself had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone; I balanced myself with others: I watched every means of information, to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet. I studied assiduously nature's design in my formation—where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but, at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public, and besides I pocketed—all expenses deducted—nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money, to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for—

"Hungry ruin had me in the wind."

"I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my new friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure

in Caledonia—"The gloomy night is gathering fast"—when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The Doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I should meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir, and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn."

Burns received £500 for the second edition of his poems. Part of this he loaned to his brother to help support his father's family, and with the remainder he purchased a house on a farm. He then married his "bonnie Jean" (Jean Armour) of whom he had sung in his poems, and took her to his home. The farm proved an unprofitable investment, and debt and difficulties surrounded him again. A circumstance which occurred in January, 1796, led him to an untimely grave. He died on the 21st of July of that year.

The poems of Robert Burns have gained the most world-wide popularity, having been translated into nearly all the European tongues. The centenary of his birthday, 1859, was celebrated with great enthusiasm throughout Great Britain and in America.

We have not been able in this brief sketch to give any episodes or incidents in his life aside from the hasty narrative. To conclude, however, we will mention one little incident that shows how ready he was with his rhyme.

One day, while at a cattle market, he lost sight of some friends who were with him. Going into a tavern he looked into one room after another to find his missing friends. At last he came to a room containing three jolly fellows of the town who were enjoying themselves. As he looked in one of them shouted "Come in, Johnny Peep." He stepped in, took a seat and joined them in their merri-

ment. In the course of conversation it was proposed that each write a stanza of poetry and place it with half a crown beneath the candlestick, with the understanding that the best poet was to have his money returned and the others' money should go to buy a treat for the crowd. Burns wrote the following, which was declared to be the best verse, and the others paid for the treat :

"Here am I, Johnny Peep :
I saw three sheep,
And these three sheep saw me ;
Half a crown apiece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep gets free."

UP FROM TRIBULATION.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 485.]

NOTHING has been said of the many experiences endured and enjoyed by Willard during his two and a half years mission to England. My time and space will not allow the recital. But let me here say that he had more singular manifestations, realized more of the wonderful power held within the confines of this gospel, than had ever entered his mind to dimly conceive. Miracles in the healing of the sick and especially of one born dumb, dreams of warning and of comfort, testimonies of the power of God, answers speedy and sure to fervent prayer, all these experiences he shared in common with those early missionaries. There was one task which he set himself to accomplish, and which, when he had sufficiently humbled himself, he did learn, and that was to conquer the suddenness of his anger, the unruly heat of his tongue when annoyed. He felt his whole future earthly happiness depended on the lessons of self-control gained by him under the peculiar mellowing influences of his English mission. Well for him that he did as he did, for no man can expect successfully to stand as head and guide of a family, especially a plural family, unless he stands as master over his own heart and his own tongue. Willard's

fellow missionaries, the poor, often ignorant people with whom he associated, and the jeers and scoffs of those opposed to his belief were excellent material for his purpose, I am proud to say, he came out so nearly conqueror that his course was onward and upward from the very day he first set foot on English soil.

So now, in June of the year 1863, we find him landed in America, and at once hurrying to the address of the emigration agent in New York.

Learning of the big battle being fought at Gettysburg, and of the tremendous loss of life, his heart sank within him in some unaccountable way. He was told that it was Hooker's—now Meade's command, and that the twenty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers were in the active line of battle, and informed how useless it would be to try and get into the lines of the regular army.

This was a severe disappointment, for he was determined to see Oscar if possible and induce him to go with him to Utah.

He set out at once for Washington to get his passports, and then on to Marysvale.

He found a warm friend in genial Doctor Bernhisel, and through his influence obtained a permit for a passport from a prominent southerner, who was well known to the doctor. Two weeks were unavoidably spent in getting the necessary papers, and Willard was warned that his undertaking was extremely dangerous.

The valuable lessons of reliance on a higher power than his own will or intelligence which he had learned in England made him brave with the bravery of perfect faith.

His passports described him as a minister of the gospel in search of a southern wife; it was deemed advisable for him to wear clothes suitable to the description given of his character. Setting out from Washington on horseback, he had little trouble the first day.

Marysvale was a small village in upper Virginia, set in a semicircle of hills, not over ten miles from Warrenton on the east side of the Blue Ridge mountains. He was obliged to go down the Potomac as far as Aquia

Creek at which point there was a southern battery the fortification running up and down the Potomac for perhaps twenty miles.

He knew his life here must be in the hands of Providence, but he did not fear. Luckily for him, his accent had the true Virginian twang, and he hoped to pass the provost guards with little trouble.

It required some money, much influence and a good deal of faith to procure a passage down the river in a small Federal frigate which was intended to carry stores down to Fortress Monroe. He was warned that they were liable to have some engagement, but his anxiety and faith were much stronger than his fear or his doubts. So, having agreed that they would put him off at a small landing not far from Aquia Creek, he went aboard and the vessel was soon sailing smoothly down the Potomac.

His landing, of course, would have to be effected in the night and he would have to trust to "luck" the captain said, to get from there over to Warrenton or Marysvale. Willard's mind was about equally divided between an intense feeling of uneasiness about the fate of those he had come to seek, and joy to find himself at last on the way for his old home.

That night was a cloudy yet sultry night in the southern summer latitude, the new moon seldom showing herself and without incident to Willard, who lay on the tarry deck with his coat rolled up for a pillow, looking into the quiet, cloudy sky above him, and wondering how his dear ones in Utah were, as well as thinking anxiously of the fate of Hortense and his boy.

It was past midnight, nearly one o'clock in the morning when he was put off at the landing only a few miles below or above Aquia Creek.

He knew the road well, indeed all the country lying between Aquia and Warrenton was familiar to him in his youth and he did not forget how to find his way through the brush up to a point where there used to be a cluster of houses just below the hill which overlooked the juncture of Aquia and the Potomac.

After he had stumbled along for about half an hour, he heard a distant shot in the direction of the Aquia landing.

"The Yankee boat has been discovered," was his instant thought, as he saw the gleam of the young moonlight.

Even as it flashed through his mind there was an answering volley, and then shot and shell from ship and battery asked and answered various questions as to life and liberty.

Willard ran along the narrow path, and just as a loud boom and a peculiar whizz announced the coming of a shell from the river-boat, he stumbled over a narrow but deep chasm, and lay partially in the rut, quite faint with the pain in a broken or sprained ankle. After a while, he raised himself slowly, and getting on to his feet with much difficulty, he found he was all but unable to get along.

The sprain was not severe, but it made traveling very uncertain and painful. The firing continued, and once he saw whizzing over his head, an ugly shell, its fuse still twirling as it cut its way deliberately through the air.

His progress was very slow and after a while the shots and firing grew less and at last ceased. He knew he was near a human habitation, for as he now and then emerged from the thick brush into an open space, he caught sight of a light in some distant cabin.

Steering his way as best he could in the uncertain light, he emerged into the open space where the cabin stood, and sat down on the ground to rest his aching limb, and to discover if possible who and what the inhabitants of the place were.

It was nearly daylight now, and he saw from the dim light already kissing the lips of the uplifting eastern hills that it was certainly past four o'clock, so that he had been two or three hours on the way from "Jones' Landing." How slowly he had traveled, for there at his back, rose the hill on which the Aquia fortifications kept watch of the river. He could barely discern the outline of the works in the dim morning light.

The hut still had the light shining from its window, and the circular clearing in which it stood, surrounded by the forest of brush and small trees, proved that it was the habitation of some mountaineer or perhaps a guard's temporary dwelling.

Willard sat in the shadow of a tree across the clearing, and even as he turned his attention once more to the cabin, a man came out, his tall form outlined by the bright light behind him. He was dressed in the simple shirt and trousers of a mountaineer, a rough furry cap surmounting his shock of long, unkempt hair. Willard had no way of knowing how he might be received by such a man and considered it wise to wait and watch for a few moments.

The man looked out at the slow rising dawn, and then stepping out a few yards, he began evidently searching for some thing or things. He seemed to be successful, and Willard vaguely wondered what it could be, for the man gathered quite an armful of things and placed them together in a small pile; then going into the house, he brought out a box, probably a cracker box so thought Willard who saw the box outlined by the light as the man passed through the doorway.

Gathering up the things he had piled up, he placed them in the box, and then, taking it into the house, Willard heard pounding which proved a lid was being fastened over the box. Coming out with the box under his arm, the man walked across the clearing to a spot not four rods from where Willard lay concealed, and began digging.

"A grave?" asked Willard of his own strangely beating heart. Certainly yes. For the fast spreading light showed him that the hole was being shaped like a grave, and if more proof were needed, it showed in the bloody condition of the man's hands.

Willard scarcely dared breathe. He had no idea of the nature of the tragedy evidently just enacted, but he had sense enough to wait until he knew more before betraying his presence to this man.

Once buried, the man spaded up the earth in the shape of a grave, which showed Willard that there was no desire for concealment whatever the cause of all this. Then going to the cabin once more the man soon returned with a board, digging away the earth in order to set up the board, having evidently forgotten to do so in the first place. Taking a piece of charcoal, he carefully wrote something on the board, and then placing it properly, again settled the clods in a rounded form, and with a low sigh, he picked up his spade and went back into the cabin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

AMONG the many signs of the times concerning which the prophets have spoken, there are none scarcely that are of a more threatening character than the combinations of various kinds which are being formed in the land. These combinations are ominous of evil. If they go on increasing as they have done for some years past, the consequences to our nation will be of a most serious, not to say dreadful, character. In Europe, a condition of feeling has arisen, among socialists, nihilists, anarchists, and people of this type, that is exceedingly threatening to the governments under which people of this description live. They are agitating, and plotting, and spreading dissatisfaction among all classes. They have sufficient ground for complaint to make their appeals to their fellows very convincing. On the one hand, there is the kingly power, which is a heavy burden to the people and requires a vast expenditure of means to sustain it. Then there is the aristocracy, a ruling class which surrounds the throne and upholds it, because upon its stability and maintenance their own privileges and power depend. To sustain the dignity of the kings and nobles it is necessary to maintain immense armies, and to accomplish all this the people are burdened with taxation, and groan under the terrible weight

of labor which falls upon them. Agitators have only to point to these burdens, and to show how much better the people would be if monarchies and aristocracies were destroyed, to convince the masses that there should be a new order of things instituted. Grave fears have been entertained in most of the countries of Europe concerning the operations of this class of people, and stringent laws have been enacted for the purpose of punishing them and preventing the spread of their doctrines. It is not the policy of the monarchs and nobles of Europe to allow ideas of this kind to spread among their people, because they are fully aware that if they do there will be a speedy end to the existing order of things, and revolutions will follow, through the people becoming thoroughly dissatisfied and rising up in rebellion.

Thousands of these dissatisfied people from the various countries of Europe have flocked to the United States. Russia, Germany and Austria have contributed large numbers, and they have come filled with these ideas concerning the rights of man. Many have also come from other lands. They were uneasy in Europe, because of the distinctions which existed between the different classes there. They come over here and they see similar divisions in society in America. We have people of vast wealth. There are also, in the crowded cities of the east, large numbers of people who are poor, and many of them destitute. This condition of affairs does not suit these people, and they become agitators of a dangerous character even in this country, where there are no monarchs or nobles. The leaven of discontent has gradually spread, until combinations of a most formidable character have been formed in this country.

The latest accounts that we have had from the East show how strong these organizations have become. We see threats made by those who stand at the head that unless their terms are complied with, they will suspend the entire railroad traffic of the country. This is a terrible threat, and if those who make it are able to carry it out, it demonstrates how

powerful the organization of the working people has become. If two, or three, or twenty, men, who stand at the head of these labor organizations, can suspend, at their will, the entire business of the country, because of some grievance, whether real or imaginary, that some of their followers have suffered, such power stands as a menace to the institutions and government of the country. Men who can do this become despots, and there is no telling to what lengths they may go, when they find themselves sustained by thousands of people who are willing to carry out their decisions.

There are probably thousands of workingmen who are numbered in these organizations, who are well disposed and would not, of themselves, do anything that would injure their neighbors; but they are compelled by these various combinations to join them, or, at least, they feel that they are compelled to do so, in order to obtain employment. Those who do not enter into these combinations are warred against, and are deprived of employment, whenever the union men have power to bring pressure upon their employers. In this way the strength of the organization keeps increasing, and from present appearances it seems very likely that these combinations, in various forms, will cover the whole land, embracing within their ranks all classes of workmen.

On the other hand, employers and capitalists are also combining and forming "trusts," as they are called, of various kinds. They seem to think it necessary, in order to keep up prices and to accomplish that which they have in view, that they should combine together and "pool" their interests. Competition has become so strong in various branches of manufacture that profits have been greatly reduced; but as the workingmen combine to keep up wages, so the manufacturers feel that it is necessary that they should combine to keep up prices. In this way, labor and capital are arrayed against each other. By the formation of trusts, the working people and all who purchase are

compelled to pay the price agreed upon between the manufacturers. Even railroads enter into trusts of this character, in order to keep up their prices.

This is a fearful picture, and we may know what the result will be, by reading the predictions of the prophets concerning the last days. Not only will these combinations of labor and of capital spread, but combinations also of a political character, looking to the overthrow of governments and to the introduction of anarchy. Moroni says, speaking to us who live in this day:

"Wherefore the Lord commandeth you, when ye shall see these things come among you, that ye shall awake to a sense of your awful situation, because of this secret combination which shall be among you; for woe be unto it, because of the blood of them who have been slain; for they cry from the dust for vengeance upon it, and also upon those who built it up. For it cometh to pass that whoso buildeth it up seeketh to overthrow the freedom of all lands, nations and countries; and it bringeth to pass the destruction of all people; for it is built up by the devil, who is the father of all lies."

The Editor.

DUTY IN DISGUISE.

A GATE-KEEPER in the employ of the Hessian Railway Company, was recently the hero of an amusing incident. His wife being ill, he went himself to milk the goat; but the stubborn creature would not let him come near it, as it had always been accustomed to have this operation performed by its mistress. After many fruitless efforts, he at length decided to put on his wife's clothes. The experiment succeeded admirably; but the man had not time to doff his disguise before a train approached, and the gate-keeper ran to his accustomed post. His appearance produced quite a sensation among the officials of the passing train. The case was reported, and an inquiry instituted, which, however, resulted in his favor, as the railway authorities granted the honest gate-keeper a gratuity of ten marks for the faithful discharge of his duties.

For Our Little Folks.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO.

CAN you tell what animal this is in the picture? Instead of us describing it to you we would like some of our little friends to write about it, telling us its name, where it is to be found, its habits of life, its color and size, etc., and send to us their little essays. The best description that

THE CHILDREN'S STORIES.

WE HAVE received several stories for this department, two of which appear below, and the others will follow in their order. One very good story came to us without the name of the writer, or the place where he lives. If he will send us his name we will gladly publish the story. In writing to us or anyone, always remember to sign your name.

The first of the following pieces is



we receive we will publish in this paper, with the name of the writer. Only boys or girls under fifteen are expected to take part in this competition.

If you have not seen an animal of this kind, find out its name and its habits from some one who has, but write the story yourself; do not copy from a book. If you know any little incident or circumstance connected with the subject, include it in your story.

from C. L. Olsen, of Logan, Cache Co., who tells of a wonderful case of healing by the power of the Lord.

A CASE OF HEALING.

SEVEN weeks ago our daughter, Carrie M., was brought home very ill. The sickness was caused by over-work in waiting on a sick lady. After suffering great pain and convulsions, till her nerves were entirely unstrung, she finally, through the blessing and power of God, was re-

stored to her health so that on the 24th, she was able to witness our grand celebration, and in the evening, witness the grand display of fireworks. But this proved too much for her weak nerves, and she was again taken with convulsions, and on the following day lost her speech, and for six days she could not say a word, except in one of her spells, after losing both her sight and hearing, she cried out, "Lord, have mercy on me."

On the 1st of August, the Elders anointed her with oil and administered to her, and as soon as their hands were removed from her head, she rose up in bed and said, "I can talk now, and I can both see and hear."

Who can describe our feelings and gratitude to God? Every heart was filled with emotion, and I believe every eye was moistened with a tear of joy.

We all thought that the danger was over, but not so. The next day she was again struck both dumb and blind, and even her feeling failed her so that she could not hold a pencil with which to write down her wants. We again called the Elders who anointed her in the name of the Lord, with the same result as the day before, and now she is as well as ever.

INTELLIGENCE OF A HEN.

BEING engaged some years ago in the raising of chickens on a somewhat extended scale I was surprised

on one occasion to notice the amount of intelligence shown by an ordinary setting hen.

While I was busy attending to some duties a hen came fluttering towards me in a condition showing that she had just left her nest. Seeming very much excited I thought she had come off to feed. I threw down to her some corn but she took no notice of it, I then got her some wheat, which she disregarded in the same manner, still keeping up her excitement. I then got her some water, but all to no purpose. She then commenced to run at me and pick at my pants and run away towards her nest; this she did several times, when the thought occurred to me to go with her to see what was the matter. To my great astonishment she directed my attention in a very forcible manner to the fact that another hen was sitting on her eggs. I removed the intruder, when the hen which belonged there got on her nest with a great deal of apparent gratitude.

I determined that that hen should be my pet so long as she lived, but I lost sight of her among the multitude of others. *Richard J. Filce.*

AN INNOCENT'S PRAYER.—"Ma," said five-year-old Merrick, "I didn't ask God to keep me from swearing to-day."

"Why not?"

"I asked Him to make folks so good I shouldn't have to swear."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No.
15, VOL. XXV.

1. WHEN was the city charter of Nauvoo repealed? A. In January, 1845.

2. What was the city's name changed to the following April? A. To the "City of Joseph," in honor of the Prophet.

3. What was the condition of the city at this time? A. It was very peaceful. The magistrates had nothing to do; and though the repealing of its charter rendered the city ordinances void, no disturbances followed.

4. What did the enemies of the Saints do next to get a pretext for having them arrested? A. They accused some of them, who lived in outside settlements, of stealing.

5. What cunning tricks did they resort to, to make it appear the accused were guilty? A. They went to the houses of some of the Saints at night and hid articles there, to make it appear that the Saints had stolen them; then they would get an officer to go to these places with a search-warrant, where, of course, they would find the hidden goods.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHAT did Governor Ford suggest to the leaders of the Church as the best plan, in his opinion, for them to practice their religion un-

molested? 2. On receiving this communication from Governor Ford, what did the authorities of the Church do? 3. What reply did the Governors make to the requests of the Elders sent to interview them? 4. On learning the feelings of the executive of the State in regard to the Saints, what did President Young and the Twelve Apostles decide to do? 5. What replies did the Presidency of the Church receive to their letters to the Governors of the several States of the Union?

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 15, Vol. 25: Rebecca C. Allen, C. E. Wight, Annie S. Sessions, Sophronia Wood and H. H. Blood.

CONFUSION OF TONGUE.

A LITTLE girl who is prone to the study of her mother tongue and carefully trained in the use thereof, once said in relating a scene she had witnessed:

"She was a very in-dig-i-nant woman."

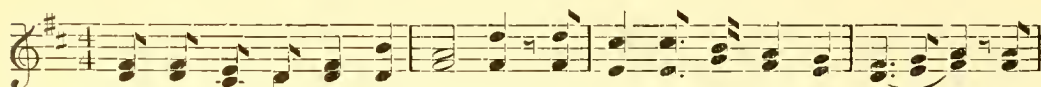
"Just what do you mean, dear, when you say she was indignant?" the little girl was asked.

"I mean she was mad. I like to say indignant better than mad, for I like the sound of the word indignant. But I like the meaning of the word mad."

HAPPY ARE THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.



Hap - py are the days of childhood, As swift - ly they glide a - long;

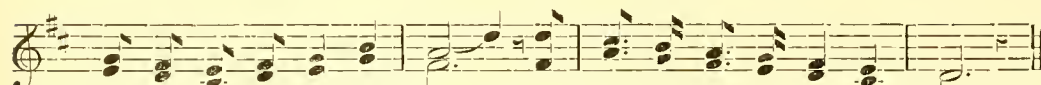


Joy - ful are the children's voic - es, And sweetly they sing the song: A

CHORUS.



mer - ry, cheerful band are we, So light-hearted, gay and so free; To



learn our du - ty we de - light, And try to ev - er do what's right.

Happy are the days of childhood,
And many bright scenes they bring;
Thankful are we for youth's blessings,
And gladsome the song we sing:

Happy are the days of childhood,
And quickly they pass away;
While we may let us employ them,
And joyfully sing the lay:

HER NAME.

"I'M LOSTED! Could you find me please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees,
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe.

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said;
"Yes, but your last?" she shook her head:
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single thing about it."

"But; dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear? I told you
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good; but when they
blame
You, little one—is it just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says" (the culprit owns),
"Mehitable Sophronia Jones,
What have you been a-doing?"

A PLAIN REASON.

A POOR family was turned out of their house because of inability to pay the rent. The next Sunday at Sunday school the little girl of the family being asked why Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise gave the following pathetic reply; "Because they didn't pay their rent."

THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION.

TIME AND RHYTHM.

TIME in music is measured by regularly recurring accents.

The teacher will illustrate in some simple form the meaning of accent. He may do this by introducing words of two and three syllables showing the strong and weak accents, as *vocal, standard, joyful*, and change the accent to the last syllable, as *retire, incline, provide*. These words may then be sung to one tone like the following:

{ d : d | d : d | d : d | d : d ||
{ Vo - cal, | standard, | joy - ful, | grand ||

OR

{ : d | d : d | d : d | d : d | d ||
{ re - tire, in - cline, pro - vide, e - nough ||

or the teacher may sing a familiar song in two pulse measure, and as he beats the time, mark well the strong accent at the beginning of every measure until the pupils understand it.

When the measure begins with the strong accent it is called the primary form, and when it begins with the weak accent it is called the secondary form of the measure.

From one strong accent to the next is called a measure. The time from any accent whether strong or weak is called a pulse.

When a measure contains two pulses, one strong and one weak, it is called two pulse measure, thus:

| d : d | d : d | d : d ||

A measure consisting of three pulses, one strong and two weak, is called three pulse measure, thus:

| d : d : d | d : d : d ||

The strong accent is indicated by a long, heavy bar, (|) and the weak accent by a colon, (:)

The note following the long bar is to be sung with the strong accent and the note following the colon is to be sung with the weak accent.

The accent marks are placed at equal distances of space and thus represent the equal division of time.

The space from one accent mark to the next represents the time of a pulse, and the space from one long bar to the next, represents the time of a measure.

The end of an exercise is indicated by a double bar, thus, ||

To practice time, the Tonic Sol-Fa method makes use of time names.

A tone one pulse long, is called Taa, pronounced Tah.

TWO PULSE MEASURE.

Primary.

{ | d : d | d : d | d : d ||
{ | taa, taa, | taa, taa, | taa, taa, ||

Secondary.

{ | : d | d : d | d : d | d ||
{ | : taa, | taa, taa, | taa, taa, | taa, ||

THREE PULSE MEASURE.

Primary.

{ | d : d : d | d : d : d ||
{ | taa, taa, taa, | taa, taa, taa, ||

Secondary.

{ | : d | d : d : d | d : d : d | d : d ||
{ | : taa, | taa, taa, taa, | taa, taa, taa, | taa, taa, ||

The continuance of a tone through more than one pulse is indicated by a dash, and the time name for it is -aa, or dropping the T. in Taa, thus:

d : d | d : — | d : — | — : d |
taa, taa, | taa - aa, | taa - aa | -aa, taa, |
d : — | — : — | d : — | d : — ||
taa - aa | -aa - aa, | taa - aa, | taa - aa, ||

The following exercises may be sung to the time names and to la,

EXERCISE 5.

{ | 1 : 1 : 1 | 1 : 1 : — | 1 : — : 1 | 1 : 1 : 1 ||
{ | ta, ta, ta, | ta, ta - aa, | ta - aa, ta, | ta, ta, ta, ||

EXERCISE 6.

{ | taa - aa, taa, | taa, taa - aa, }
{ | 1 : — : 1 | 1 : 1 : — }
{ | taa - aa - aa, | taa, taa, taa, ||
{ | 1 : — : — | 1 : 1 : 1 ||

EXERCISE 7.

{ | taa, | taa, taa, taa, | taa, taa, taa, }
{ | : 1 | 1 : 1 : 1 | 1 : 1 : 1 } ||

{ | taa - aa, taa, | taa, taa, ||
 { | 1 : — : 1 | 1 : 1 ||

EXERCISE 8.

{ | taa, | taa, taa - aa, | taa - aa, taa, |
 { | : 1 | 1 : 1 : — | 1 : — : 1 | }
 { | 1 : — : — | 1 : 1 ||
 { | taa - aa, taa, | taa, taa, ||

EXERCISE 9.

{ | taa, taa - aa, | taa, - aa - aa, |
 { | 1 : 1 : — | 1 : — : — | }
 { | taa, taa - aa, | taa, taa, taa, ||
 { | 1 : 1 : — | 1 : 1 : 1 ||

EXERCISE 10, KEY C.

†

{ | d : d | m : m | s : s | m : — | d : d | s : m | s : s | d : — ||
 { | d : d | d : d | d : d | d : — | d : d | d : d | d : d | d : — ||

EXERCISE 11, KEY D.

†

{ | d : m | s : m | s : m | d : — | d : s | m : s | s : m | d : — ||
 { | d : d | d : d | d : d | d : — | d : d | d : d | d : d | d : — ||

EXERCISE 12, KEY F.

†

{ | d : — | d : — | m : — | m : — | d : — | s : — | s : — | m : — | d : — ||
 { | d : d | d : d | d : d | d : d | d : — | d : — | m : — | d : d | d : d ||

EXERCISE 13, KEY C.

†

{ | d : d | m : m | s : s | s — | m : s | m : d | s : s | s : — ||
 { | d : — | d : — | m : — | m — | d : — | d : — | m : m | d : d ||

EXERCISE 14, KEY D.

{ | d : s | m : — | m : s | d^l : s | s : m | d : d | d : — | m : d ||
 { | d : m | m : — | d : — | s : d | m : — | m : — | d : — | d : — ||

EXERCISE 15, KEY D.

{ | d : s₁ | d : — | — : — | m : — | d : s₁ | m : d | s : m | s₁ : d ||
 { | d : d | m : m | s : s | s : — | m : d | s₁ : — | m : — | d : d ||

EXERCISE 16, KEY D.

COME AND JOIN.

{ | d : s | m : d | d^l : — | s : — | m : d^l | s : m | s : — |
 { | Come and | join the | cho - | rus, | swell the | tune - ful | throng, |
 { | d : d | d : d | m : — | m : — | d : d | m : d | s : — |
 { | d^l : s | m : s | m : — | d : — | m : m | s : s | d^l : — ||
 { | Let us | blend our | voic - | es | In de- | lights of | song, |
 { | m : m | m : m | d : — | d : — | d : d | m : s | d : — ||

The pupils should now practice the following exercises, paying particular attention to accent "tataaing" and "laaing" all exercises, and also breathing at the proper places, which will be marked with a dagger †. These breathing places being generally placed at the opening of a phrase and at the end of the lines of poetry.

Braces are used at the beginning and end of lines to show what parts are intended to be sung together.

NO ONE can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

ALMOST all men believe that right shall ultimately triumph, but why do they not act up to their conviction? Because either selfishness or thoughtlessness controls them.

No. 2. Key G. M. 120.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

MUSIC BY J. G. FONES.

Treble	d : -.d : d	d : s ¹ : d	m : - : r	d : - :	m : -.m : m	m : d : m
Alto	s ₁ : -.s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : - : s ₁	d : - : s ₁	s ₁ : - :	d : -.d : d	d : s ₁ : d
Tenor	m : -.m : m	m : d : m	s : - : f	m : - :	s : -.s : s	s : m : s
Bass	d : -.d : d	d : - : d	s ₁ : - : s ₁	d : - :	d : -.d : d	d : - : d

Beau - ti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful cit - y

Beau - ti - ful heav'nwhere all is light, Beau - ti - ful an - gels

Beau - ti - ful crowns on ev' - ry brow, Beau - ti - ful palms the

s : - : f	m : - :	s : -.s : s	s : f : m	f : - : f	f : - :	f : -.f : f
that I love;	Beau - ti - ful	gates of	pearl - y	white.	Beau - ti - ful	
m : - : r	d : - :	m : -.m : m	m : r : d	r : - : r	r : - :	r : -.r : r
clothed in white;	Beau - ti - ful	strainsthat	nev - er	tire,	Beau - ti - ful	
s : - : s	s : - :	:	s	s : - : s	s : - :	:
conquerors show;	Beau - ti - ful	robes the	ran - somed	wear,	Beau - ti - ful	
s ₁ : - : s ₁	d : - :	:	d	s ₁ : t ₁ : r	s ₁ : - :	:

f : m : r	m : - : m	m : - :	d : t ₁ : d	r : - : r	r : d : r	m : - : -
tem - ple, God its light;	He who was	slain on	Cal - va - ry			
r : d : t ₁	d : - : d	d : - :	t ₁ : d : t ₁	d : - : -		
harpsthro' all the choir;	There shall I	join the	cho - rus	sweet,		
:	s : s : s	s : - :	m : r : m	f : - : f	f : m : s	s : - : -
all who en - ter there:	Thither I	press with	eag - er	feet,		
:	s ₁ : d : m : s	d : - :	:	s ₁ : - : s ₁	d : - : -	

s : f : m	r : d : r	m : - : r	d : - : -	s : -.f : m	l : s :	f : -.m : r
Opens those	pearl - y	gates to	me.	Zi - on,	Zi - on,	love - ly
d : d : d	l ₁ : - : d	d : - : t ₁	d : - : -	d : - : d	d : d :	r : -.d : t ₁
Worshiping at the	Sav - ior's	feet.	Zi - on,	Zi - on,	love - ly	
m : l : s	l : - : l	s : - : f	m : - : -	m : -.r : d	f : m :	s : - : s
Thereshallmy rest be	long and	sweet.	Zi - on,	Zi - on,	love - ly	
d : d : d	f ₁ : - : f ₂	s ₁ : - : s ₁	d ₁ : - : -	d : - : d	d : d :	s ₁ : - : s ₁

f : m :	r : -.d : r	m : s :	s : f : m	l : f : r	d : - : t ₁	d : - : -
Zi - on!	Beau - ti - ful	Zi - on!	Zi - on,	cit - y	of our	God!
r : d :	t ₁ : -.l ₁ : t ₁	d : m :	d : t ₁ : d	d : - : l ₁	s ₁ : - : s ₁	s ₁ : - : -
Zi - on!	Beau - ti - ful	Zi - on!	Zi - on,	cit - y	of our	God!
s : s :	s : -.s : s	s : s :	m : s : s	f : l : f	m : - : f	m : - : -
Zi - on!	Beau - ti - ful	Zi - on!	Zi - on,	cit - y	of our	God!
d : d :	s ₁ : -.s ₁ : s ₁	d : d :	m : r : d	f ₁ : - : f ₁	s ₁ : - : s ₁	d : - : -

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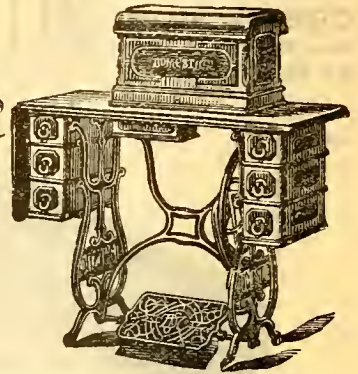
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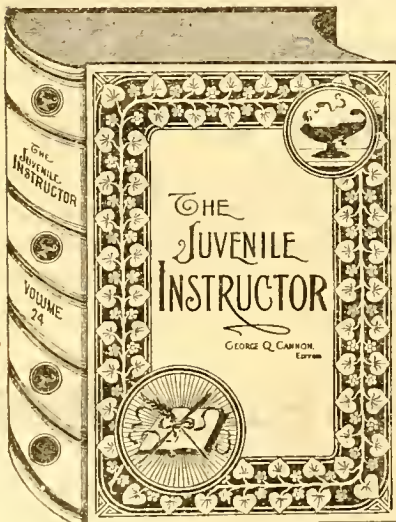
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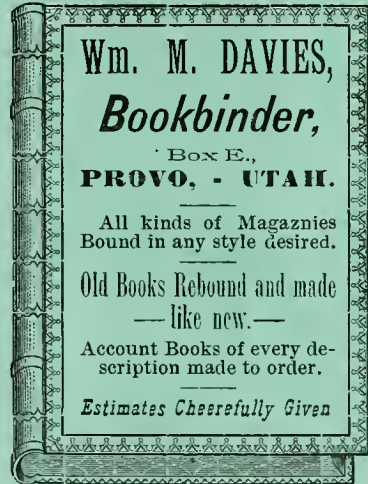
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